

# South

# Carolina

# Leader.

ALLEN COFFIN, Editor.

"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."—Paul.

FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Vol. I.

CHARLESTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1866.

No. 14.

SOUTH CAROLINA LEADER,  
PUBLISHED ON SATURDAYS,  
At 430 King-street, Charleston, S.C.,  
by  
T. HURLEY & CO.

Subscription Price—Four Dollars a year, invariably in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

For one square of Ten Lines, one insertion, \$2.00; for each subsequent insertion, \$1.00.

A liberal discount made to yearly, half yearly, and quarterly advertisers. Advertisements conspicuously displayed by special agreement.

PROSPECTUS

FOR THE

South Carolina Leader.

A Weekly Journal of the Times.

THE LEADER will devote itself to the interest of Free labor and

The Federal Government of law sustained at all hazards, and will ever stand ready to live up to its policy towards this State will be these South Carolina, and domes tranquillity, and engaged

That self-evident truth contained in the Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal," which so steadfastly adhered to.

In view of local concern, it will give its earnest support to important public measures and practical improvements.

While fearless in its advocacy of the right, and frank in its denunciation of the wrong, its columns will never be made a channel of coarse personal abuse. It will deal with principles rather than men, and allow the free and candid discussion of all subjects pertaining to the public good.

In striving to make this emphatically a paper for the people, we confidently look to them for the amount of subscription and advertising patronage, which its worth demands.

T. HURLEY & CO.

MR. AND MRS. MORRISON'S SCHOOL  
for Men and Women is open from 3 o'clock till 5 p.m., and 6 to 9 in the evening, at the Normal School, St. Philip's Street. School books furnished. Terms moderate.

Nov. 11—1865

LAWRENCE & FAULKNER,  
GENERAL PRODUCE STORE,  
180 King Street,  
(Below Hardware Alley.)

Charleston, S. C.

3m Nov 4—5

The public may find it to their advantage to enter at our store, in getting up their Christmas supplies, etc. We have Fresh Supplies of Gode Prints, Fire Works, etc., etc., which we offer as low as can be had in the city.

RANSIER & FARRAR.

MUSIC AND DANCING.

HOPKINS has come again with his usual tunes and jingles, etc. He may be found at his old place, No. 37 HENRIETTA STREET, above Ransier. JOHN T. HOPKINS, A Colored Professor.

CHARLESTON, Oct. 21.

Nov. 3

WANTED.—An elderly woman, to cook and wash for two persons. One who has no encumbrance of family preferred. Apply at No. 86 Market St.

NOV. 26 1865

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF CHOCOLATE for sale cheap at NOV. 25—8 CARDOZO'S STORE.

KEROSENE OIL, One dollar and fifteen cents by the gallon, at NOV. 25—CARDOZO'S CHEAP GROCERY.

MRS. T. W. CORDOZO

Respectfully announces to her friends that she is prepared to give

LESSONS ON THE PIANO-FORTE

At reasonable rates.

Residence—Charlotte St., one door east of Alexander Street.

Nov. 18—5m 7.

WIGG & CO., RESTAURANT, No. 55 Market Street.

Charleston, S. C., Where the public will always find on hand, or got up to order, every variety of Dishes in the shortest notice.

A. R. WIGG.

A. B. WIGG.

Give us a call, and you will find our terms moderate.

3m Oct 21.

WILLIAM WALLIS'S COMMERCIAL SCHOOL, for colored boys, will be opened on Tuesday 2nd day of January 1866, in King Street, corner of Morris Street.

TERMS . . . \$2 per Month.

One-half paid in advance the first month.

Dec. 21.

To the colored People of South Carolina.

ATTENTION TO ALL!

GILBERT WALKER is prepared to receive and sell all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, and buy and ship goods of all descriptions to any part of this State with promptness and dispatch. Address GILBERT WALKER, Charleston, S. C.

Ransier and Farrar.

460 King St. 3 Doors above Jolin.

WE constantly have on hand an assortment of Groceries and Fancy goods. From the finest tea to the choicest tea, sugar, can fruits, butter, lard and flour of the very best qualities, also made in pickle from the Northern Markets by worthy steamers. Here can also be found the celebrated Cutters, in quantities to suit particular wants. All those who are fond of getting up nice parties will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

N. B. Our prices are as reasonable as any in the City.

ROBERT STEVENS, FAMILY GROCERY, 444 King Street,

Wishes to call the attention of the public to his fine stock of goods. They will always find a large assortment on hand, which will be sold as reasonable as at any other house in the city. Give us a call, and see the stock. Prompt attention paid to all.

Oct. 14. 1865.

POETRY.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS OF THE CARRIERS OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA LEADER.

A MERRY NEW YEAR to you all! The high, the low, the great, the small, For Eighteen Sixty-Five is gone; And Sixty-Six is coming on. Time is ever varying round, Is marching to the solemn sound Of the sweet music of the spheres, The heralds of reviving years. The busy nations rise and fall, And Nature drops her funeral pall Upon the face where beauty lingers, Though marred by Death's decaying fingers.

The throng of life, the human tide, That pours itself in bold pride Along the crowded track of time May make our history sublime. The clock of Time may tell the hour, From heaven's dome, the world's high tower.

"Twas twelve—the midnight of the soul— And stormy hollows baffle roll, And ever and anon the roar Comes rattling from the sounding shore, Where nations are like vessels cast Before the fury of the blast; Forever beating for the brave, Those funeral marches to the grave.

Good morning, fair and gentle reader! I am the Carrier of the *Leader*. Provision hard and hasty times, And I'm not used to writing rhymes; But if they sell us it, I'll risk, For this my dull and thankless task, The first thoughts that I can utter Are now bid off for bread and butter. And as I write, can almost think That I can beat the poxish chink, I've served you faithfully every week, And now with more submissive meek, I, at your door with bid in hand, And soiled and tattered garments stand, A dime or two you'll never miss. Neither in the world to come, nor this, I bring you news from every clime And weave them in my homely rhyme And hoping in my honest thereby To catch the glaze of beauty's eye, For thy my humble pal I'd prove That I have got a soul to love, Although my fair one, you must know Has never been to Jolion.

Charleston is a glorious place, At least so think the colored race, As they can now be out of nights Without infringing others' rights, And it's after nine o'clock They're not in danger of the lock, The night was made for bigger fun As well, kind buckin, as for us, And day or night we now can meet And pass as friends upon the street, And though at times a little "blime," It seems the "white folks" do so too, And the "black fat sex" it seemed in tune Can dance a jig by the light of the moon. We see no reason for a muss, And if there is kicked up a fuss About emancipation day, This "nigger" hitty and he away, The war is over and we are willing To stop the barbary way of killing, And with a free, contented mind, "Man wants but little here below, No wants that little long," you know, And seen the longest race is run, That man's allowed beneath the sun, Then why not plant in Eden's bloom, A flower pathway to the tomb, Instead of building human thrones, Or monuments of human bones.

And now, kind reader, fare thee well For we at last must break the spell That bound our willing heart to thee In the soft wreaths of poesy.

And though we are bound to say adieu, Our willing task we'll soon renew And drop the *Leader* at your door As we have ever done before,

Pay up the cash and "there's your mule," "New year's address" or "April fool," Whatever name you please to call it, Or whatever late bedfellow it,

So you but get the carrier's rhymes And he the pocket full of dimes.

—J. G. Saxe.

FALL OF THE CONFEDERACY.  
Trumpery-Dumpty sat on a wall;  
Trumpery-Dumpty had a great fall;  
All Jeff's horses and all Jeff's men  
Can't put the trumpery together again!

SUMMARY.  
Confederate-Granby  
Was born on Monday,  
Christened on Tuesday,  
Sickened on Wednesday,  
Very ill on Thursday,  
Worse on Friday,  
Died on Saturday,  
Buried on Sunday,  
And that is the end  
of Confederate-Granby!

—J. G. Saxe.

COMMUNICATED.

Articles inserted under this head are written by correspondents. We shall be glad to publish communications of merit, but do not hold ourselves responsible for their sentiments.

LETTER FROM A SLAVEHOLDER.

"Comets importing change of time and states, Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky."

Mr. Ensign.—In my last, which I hope you received, I briefly reviewed the duty of former masters to the freedmen, with some general remarks on the subject. You desired that the pages should be short; hence I have avoided unnecessary elaboration, as everybody would at once clearly understand my object, appreciate the truth and propriety of my sentiments on a perplexing and troubled subject, and give me credit for a sincere desire that wisdom may direct our rulers, and that our freedmen, satisfied of the honest intention of the white man, may put their energies to industrious pursuits, and await with patience the fulfillment of their warmest and most ardent desires.

I ask the freedmen now to pause and reflect—a great political change has now taken place, and they are now called upon to show to the world that the black man can properly appreciate the blessings of freedom; and while he rejoices with unaffected delight his political change, that he is willing to receive education, extend it to his children, and thus prepare them for the exercise of inestimable privileges. Freedmen! don't neglect your former masters. If God has blessed you with liberty, he means that you are to use it with wisdom; and, instead of turning away, gather around them in fond remembrance of the time when all alike hailed this joyous season, and so alike enjoyed the blessings of the day;—when it was a plaudit and time-honored custom to meet the sun upon the upland lawn, and bid with delight another Christmas morn. Meet your former masters on the square; confer together honestly for the future; enter into contracts for mutual benefit; work faithfully the allotted labor, and when this is over return to your homes, gather your families around you, and with the aid of your old masters, improve your minds, and fit yourselves to exercise in due time the political privileges which you are desirous of consummating. Kind and friendly feelings towards your old masters cannot take away one jot of your rights and privileges; and as time obliterates the landmarks, you will feel proud that, instead of abusing the boon of freedom, you have used it as a sacred heritage.

When Pompey the Great, after the battle of Pharsala, fled to Egypt, and on the lonely seashore fell beneath the daggers of his treacherous friends, who of all who had left him stood with him,—staid to pay the last honors to one who had stood the equal to imperial Caesar? Why, none but his faithful freedman Philip, who gathered up the wood on the shore (after the habit of the Romans), burnt the body of his once great master, raked together his ashes, and, depositing them in this dreary spot, erected to his memory a rude stone, upon which he inscribed those words, which, though due to the freedman's heart and head—

He who deserved a manumission can not scarce find a tomb.

EDGAR.

SUMMerville, S. C., Dec. 27, 1865.

DEAR EDITOR: Sir.—I have seated myself to write you a few lines in hopes that you will find room for them in your paper. I have not much experience in writing, and you will please correct all mistakes. A few words that I have to relate to you may interest some. Many of our regiments have been absent from our dear wives and little children for near three years, and we long to get back again to the enjoyment of home and friends, and the blessed freedom which now belongs to us and our families. If there is one man that will come forward, and say that we have not obeyed all the orders that have been given to us, throughout all of our marches in the States of Florida and South Carolina, then we will not ask for any more privileges when we are mustered out of service. We hope to show the whites of South Carolina that the blacks can take care of themselves. For I know that before the rebellion the black man had to make his own grub, and that of his master, also, and his master's children to maintain, though he had no taxes to pay. But taxes will not be difficult with the privileges of freedom.

I am very thankful that the Lord has been so good to us and all of the Union armies. I pray that the Lord may have this State so settled that everybody may, if they will, make their own support by their labor. You will see, yourself, that something can be made of the black man, as has been proved. It makes a great many white people mad to see the colored man go straight forward to his rights. May we live to our country able to give us our rights, and so live in this world that the world which shall come after death may be pleasant to us, and enjoy the celestial home of our Father and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is my prayer. Amen.

Sergt. SIMON SCOTT, Co. I, 35th C. T.

SUMMerville, S. C., Dec. 20, 1865.

DEAR SIR.—Print me a few lines about the 35th Regt. It has been called the best regiment that was in the field, but it has suffered much since it has been in camp. We must put our trust in the Lord, who helped us out of many difficulties. But we have suffered much for our color in the past, and still feel the curse of class distinctions. We fondly think that the colored people of South Carolina can show as fair specimens of humanity as can be found in the United States. It has been said by a wise man that our race could never rise, but before three years have passed I believe we shall have risen considerably above the condition of slavery. The rich white men may then be poor. Our regiment has been in many fights, and lost many men, but some of them still live, and are prepared to do more, but for the right. I am now near twenty-five years of age, and before long hope to be a free citizen of the United States. I pray to the Lord for our rights, and I feel that the Lord will be with us as long as we live.

LARRY JAMES, Co. B, 35th C. T.

Secession Gleams.

Under this head we shall republish weekly extracts from Southern literary works, produced during the Rebellion, that our readers may judge of the faithfulness of Southern prophets, as well as know what fate awaited the poor and laboring classes of the South, had the Confederacy succeeded.

THE GLORY OF GOD, THE DEFENCE OF THE SOUTH.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH, YORKVILLE, S. C., JULY 28TH, 1861, THE DAY OF NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FOR THE VICTORY AT MANASSAS; BY REV. JOHN T. WIGHTMAN.

"And the Lord will create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night; for upon all the glory shall be a dove."

The office of a Christian minister is to preach repentance; yet he has divine warrant in overshadowing the nation with the "burden of prophecy." Even He who came to redeem passed in his mission to shed patriotic tears over Jerusalem. The ambassador of the Prince of Peace should not needlessly rush into the storm of battle, or into the angry debates of the forum; yet he should studiously point the eye of the nation to the cloudy pillar of Providence dividing blessings on the "dwelling-places of the Lord." And when the Lord will create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night; for upon all the glory shall be a dove."

From this general survey fix your eye on one spot, the belt of Cotton States, and inquire what position they occupy in the interplay of the wheels of Providence. As a family of the German race they have a mission in common with the other branches, each in its own sphere. England, Scotland, and the North move each in an independent, and in a common circle of labor. What, then, is ours? Is the South to play a subordinate part to one of these powers? or does she possess independent attributes qualifying her for an independent office? Here are inexhaustible agricultural treasures which the world demands, and which are deposited in no other spot from pole to pole. True, it were a benign office to be commissariat of mankind; true, on the temporary suspension of these supplies, processions of mothers and children stagger through the streets of New York howling for bread; true, ships are totting in the gates of commerce, and millions of operatives in Europe are clamoring for work, with hungry graves before their eyes more clamorous to receive them; true, the splendid capital of the United States already begins to fulfill the prophecy: "the comitant and the bitter shall possess it; the owl, also, and the raven shall dwell in it; and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness;" true, the crown heads of civilization are in dismay, the foundations of two hemispheres shake with the death throes of commerce, and ancient cities stand agast at the prospective picture of a naked and hungry winter; yet I rise to a sublime aspect of our position. • • • Cotton is king.

The Cotton States occupy a position still more commanding. Across them runs the breakwater to Papal and pagan aggression. The trade ship freighted with their wealth, becomes a winged sanctuary carrying Bibles and missionaries to every land; the manufactory propelled by their profit weaves the web of the social fabric; and the cylinder of the press turned by their springs of industry throws off churches and colleges and colossal intellects. The cotton trade keeps the Bible and the press under the control of Protestantism.

Discovery and conquest, language and literature, have added domains to the kingdom of Christ, but the fields of the South have built the bulwarks of Zion, equipped missionaries, evangelized Africa,